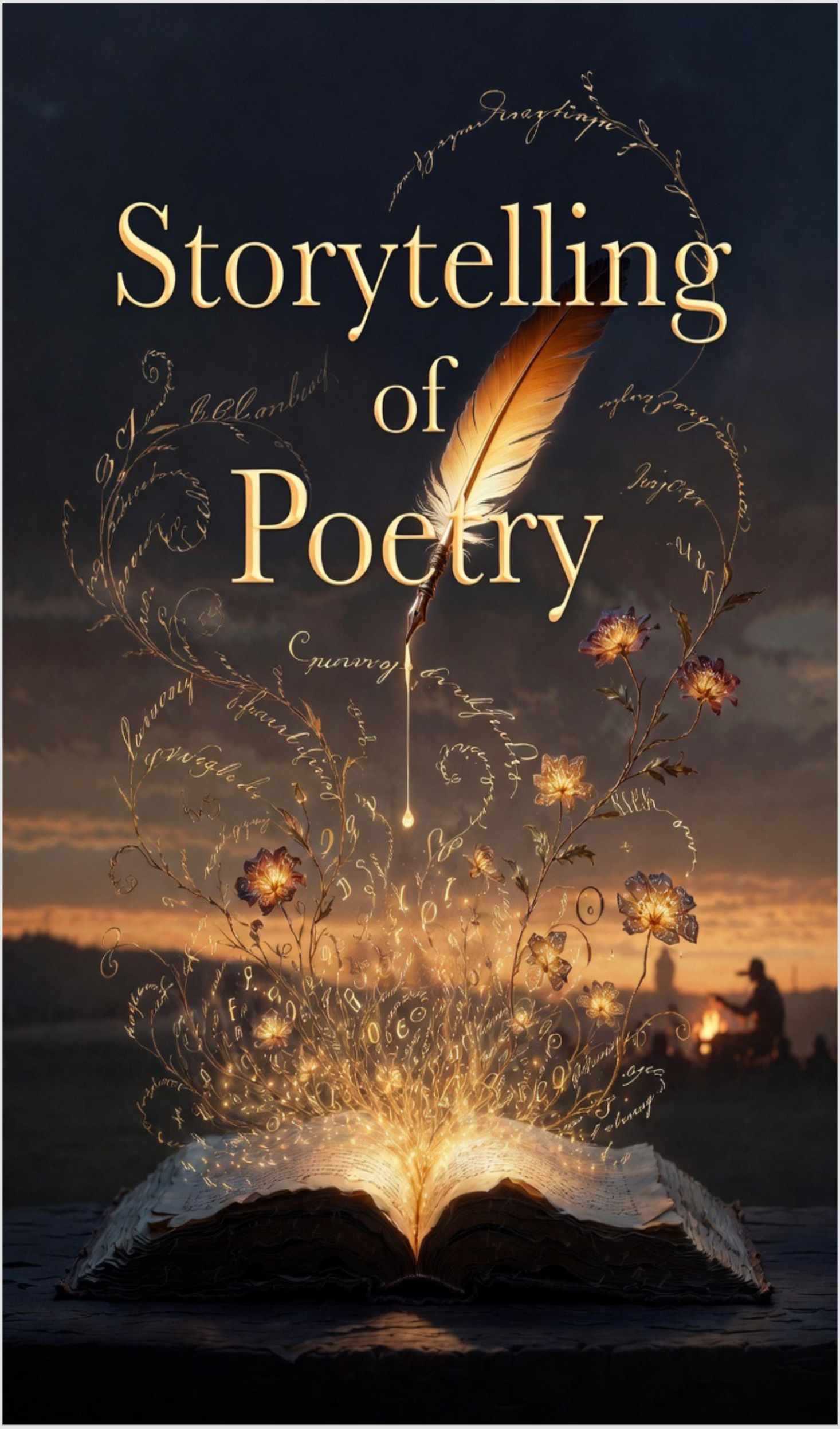
Storytelling
of
Poetry

# The Quiet Rebellion

I walk where the city forgets its name,
past neon bones and the hush of rust,
where streetlights surrender one by one
and the night reclaims its ancient dust.

My shadow refuses the ordered lines
drawn by strangers who never asked
what a soul looks like when it’s unafraid
of being beautifully lost.

In my pocket: three smooth stones
and the low hum of a half-written song.
In my chest: a small red flag
that waves only when no one is watching.

The wind carries questions no one dares
print.
I answer by staying alive—
not loudly,
not politely,
but with the stubborn grace of weeds
splitting concrete to reach the sun.

Call it trespass, call it prayer;
I call it coming home
to the untamed country
that has always lived
just beneath my name.

# Winter Inventory

The snow has been keeping its own quiet ledger.
It writes in white across the field,
then erases every line
so nothing can be proven.
I stand at the edge of the woods counting what remains:
seven breaths visible, six crows arguing over a single seed, five bare branches conducting silence, four footprints already filling in behind me, three heartbeats louder than the wind, two hands learning how to be empty again, one small sun refusing to leave the sky even though it has nothing left to give.

That is enough.

More than enough.

I close the book of the year without adding anything.

Some winters are not for growing, only for remembering how perfectly a thing can disappear and still be counted.

Salt Memory.

I keep a grain of the sea behind my teeth
from the summer you dared me to swallow
the horizon.
It still stings when I speak your name, a
slow, deliberate burn that tastes like
goodbye and low tide at once.

Years later I stand on a different shore,
but the wave that finds my ankles
recognizes me instantly and pulls, the way
memory always pulls harder than gravity.

I let it take me just far enough to remember
how it felt to be weightless with you.

Then I walk back to land carrying the ocean
in one small, secret tear that refuses to fall.

The salt stays.

That’s the deal we made without words:
you keep the sky, I keep the sting, and
neither of us ever truly dries.

Paper Boats.
Tonight I fold yesterday into a boat
no bigger than my palm, crease it sharp
enough to cut regret. I set it on the dark
ribbon of the gutter where the streetlamp
spills its last gold coin. It does not hesitate.
It slides between cigarette stubs and the
ghosts of rained-on receipts, carrying
every unsent letter I ever wrote to you.
Halfway down the block it passes another
boat coming the opposite way, smaller,
waterlogged, still stubbornly afloat. For
one heartbeat our paper fleets almost
touch. I think I see your handwriting
blurred but unmistakable on its sinking sail.
Then the current decides for us. They drift
apart without ceremony, two messages
that will never be read by the people they
were meant for. I watch until both
disappear beneath the iron grate where the
city drinks its small sorrows. Somewhere
under the streets they will dissolve
together, ink bleeding into ink, paper
returning to pulp, becoming the same
nameless water that has carried every
apology since the first heart learned how
to break quietly. I walk home lighter. The
rain has stopped. My hands smell like
fresh folds and second chances that never
needed to arrive to do their work.

Unfinished Room.
There is a room I keep unlocked
at the far end of every house I've ever lived in. The door stands slightly open, hinges quiet with disuse, as though it knows I will come back even when I swear I won't. Inside: one bare bulb, a table with two chairs, and the smell of cedar shavings from a project we abandoned the afternoon we ran out of words. Sawdust still glitters on the floor like frost that refuses to melt. Every footprint I left that day is perfectly preserved, small betrayals pressed into the grain. I never sit. I only stand in the doorway and listen to the silence practice our old arguments in a voice almost gentle enough to forgive. Sometimes the bulb flickers as if trying to remember the exact color of your eyes when you still believed we would finish what we started. It never quite manages. That's the mercy of it. I leave the door the way I found it, ajar by the width of a maybe, and walk back down the hallway carrying the weight of a room that grows lighter every year because nothing new is ever added. One day I will close it for good. Until then it keeps breathing for both of us, slow, patient, the way unfinished things learn to stay alive on almost nothing.

Night Shift.

The city clocks out at 2:13 a.m. and hands
the keys to the ones who never sleep.
We move through the empty avenues
like quiet mechanics of a machine that
only runs when no one is watching.
A vending machine hums its one-note
lullaby. A taxi idles at a red light that will
stay red because no one is coming the
other way. The driver rests his forehead on
the wheel and dreams in short, expensive
bursts. I pass the all-night laundromat
where a single sock spins in a dryer like a
slow moon refusing orbit. It's owner has
fallen asleep with her head on a warm pile
of someone else's life. Steam rises from
manholes carrying the faint scent of bread
from a bakery that starts its day while the
rest of us are ending ours. The baker
waves through the window without looking
up from the dough he is teaching to rise.
Every neon sign has given up except one
stubborn pharmacy cross blinking green,
green, green into the dark like a heartbeat
that forgot how to stop. I keep walking.
The air tastes of metal and river. My
shadow walks a half-step ahead as if it
already knows where I'm going and has
decided to get there first. Somewhere a

siren unwinds itself into silence. Somewhere a cat considers the meaning of warmth and chooses a car hood still ticking with heat. By the time the sky begins to dilute itself with morning, I am almost weightless. The city and I have finished our secret shift. We do not speak of it. We simply hand the keys back to the early commuters who will never notice the faint smell of bread and river clinging to their briefcases, or the single sock still turning, still turning, long after its owner has gone home to a bed that remembers her better than she remembers herself.

Night Shift continued.

Ladies and Gentlemen the next poem that you, are about to read is in story format.

The river remembers everything.

Long before the first human foot pressed its bank into mud, it carried the songs of glaciers on its back, blue-white and slow as regret. It learned the taste of pine needles, the weight of eagle feathers, the hush of snow settling on stone. It kept every secret the mountains whispered when they thought no one was listening. Then came the girl with storm-colored eyes.

She arrived at dusk, barefoot, carrying nothing but a cracked clay cup and a name no one had spoken in seven winters: Lira. The village downstream had forgotten her; they said she drowned the year the frost took the orchards. But rivers do not forget, and neither did she.

Lira knelt where the water braided itself around three smooth stones and filled her cup. The river recognized the curve of her wrist, the small scar shaped like a crescent moon. It rose to meet her, not in flood but in greeting, curling silver around her ankles like a cat too proud to purr.

“You kept my heartbeat,” she said, voice raw from disuse.

The river answered by showing her what it had saved: a single apple blossom frozen

mid-fall the day she vanished, a ribbon of green silk snagged on a root, the echo of her mother singing lullabies in a tongue the world had burned out of books.
Lira drank. The water tasted of iron and mercy.
Years passed like leaves. She built no house. She needed none. At night she slept on the sandbar the river reshaped for her each spring, her hair spread like ink in moonlight. She learned the language of otters, the patience of herons, the reckless joy of kingfishers diving for stars they mistook for minnows.
Travelers began to speak of the woman who lived inside the river’s bend. They said if you left a grief too heavy to carry on the bank at twilight, it would be gone by morning—replaced by something lighter: a perfect pebble, a feather, a single word carved into bark that made the ache bearable.
Some came seeking miracles. Most came seeking permission to keep breathing.
One autumn, a boy with ash on his cheeks arrived carrying his sister’s shoes. She had walked into the same river farther upstream, chasing a red kite that looked like freedom. The current there was cruel and quick. He laid the empty shoes on the

sand and waited for the woman who, rumors claimed, could coax even the dead back to shore.

Lira emerged dripping, older now, hair threaded with silver like moonlight caught in spider silk. She studied the shoes, small and scuffed, still tied with double knots.

“She is not here,” Lira told him. “She is in the sea now, learning how salt remembers tears.”

The boy wept the way only the young can—loud, unbroken, certain the world has ended. Lira did not hush him. She sat beside him until the stars wheeled overhead and his sorrow thinned into something he could fold and put in his pocket.

When he left at dawn, the shoes were gone. In their place lay a red kite, bright as the one his sister chased, its tail knotted from river grass that would never rot.

Winter came early that year. Ice skimmed the river’s edges like lace on an old woman’s throat. Lira grew thin and translucent, her shadow barely darker than moon on water. She knew the bargain she had made the night she returned: one lifetime borrowed from the current, to be repaid when the river asked.

On the shortest day, the river asked.

It did not roar or rage. It simply stopped singing.
Lira walked to the center where the water ran deepest and blackest. She carried no cup this time—only the cracked pieces of the old one, edges softened by years of being carried in her pocket like worry stones.
“I’m ready,” she said.
The river opened.
Not in violence, but in welcome. It rose around her like a thousand hands braided from moonlight and memory. She felt every secret it had kept rush into her lungs: the glacier’s first crack, the eagle’s last flight, the hush of snow that forgave the mountains for being sharp.
Lira smiled, small and fierce, the same smile she wore the day she first defied drowning.
Then she was the river.
Travelers still come. They leave heavier things now—locks of hair, hospital bracelets, letters never sent. By morning, the offerings are gone. Sometimes a red kite drifts overhead, or a single apple blossom appears on the snow, impossibly pink.
And if you kneel at dusk and listen the way the otters taught her, you can hear a

woman’s voice beneath the current, low and lullaby-soft, singing in a tongue the world tried to burn away.
The river remembers everything.
It always will.

Note from Edward J. Langdon Author of this short book.

Life in and of itself is poetry, but it's poetry in motion and in our daily lives we see this beautiful poetry it's everywhere and all around us, just step outside your house and you'll see it, get off your phone for an hour and you'll see the this beautiful poetry in motion it's beautiful, it's elegant and it's absolutely stunning, it's what makes life so fascinating. Yet most if not all people are too damn blind to see the beauty in life's poetry there is poetry in death, there is poetry in birth, so see there truly is beautiful poetry in our daily lives you just have to look at the beauty of everything instead of looking at the ugliness.